

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK



ERNEST HARTSOCK

FROM A LINOLEUM CUT *

MARCH-APRIL—1931

OGLETHORPE UNIVERISTY, GEORGIA

A Poet Passes—But A “Strange Splendor” Remains

(Ernest Hartsock, May 5, 1903: December 14, 1903)

To have sung a deathless song is much, but to have been universally beloved is more. To Ernest Hartsock, young poet of Georgia; editor, publisher, and professor of poetics, it was divinely granted to attain both love and honor in a destiny that was like a high white flame. That such a flame should have been quenched while its possessor was still in his twenties, is a cause for personal sorrow to countless friends, yet—

The consecration and the poet's dream
Remain as an immortal heritage.

Organizations from coast to coast, as well as individual poets and critics almost without number, have paid their tributes of love and sorrow and admiration to the young genius whose physical presence is now only a memory.

An editorial in the Atlanta Journal voices the collective sentiment of his own state: “Georgia is a nobler commonwealth and Atlanta more of a city that is set on a hill for having borne and fostered such a son. His art, ever the soul of sincerity, took its colors and lines and often its themes from his native soil.—Gifts like his and lives like his are most worth a people's cherishing, for they belong to the immortal part of our history and in honoring them, we lift ourselves.”

A tribute in the official Bulletin of the Poetry Society of America closes with the following lines: “It is impossible to estimate our loss; but his talent, the definiteness of his ideas, and his spirited and engaging manner of defending them, indicate that whatever his future, he would have been influential.”

Dr. James E. Routh, Dean of the School of Literature and Journalism of Oglethorpe University, said of him: “Like all great artists, he had a passion for the real, and an abhorrence of shams.—For most people he will live in his lines only. But those of us who had a chance to know him, will always remember the man himself as well. A great soul as well as a notable poet.”

Among the contributors and would be contributors to *Bozart and Contemporary Verse* were scores who never saw the young poet-editor face to face, yet were eloquent in their tributes of appreciation and sorrow. “He was the kindest editorial friend that poetic be-

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Published Six Times a Year by OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

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THE CALL FOR PEACE

He came not onto Earth to kill—
He came to earth to save,
The Savior came not here to fill,
But free the loathsome grave.
He came not here to strike by might
With fire from Heaven above—
He came to shed the blessed light—
The gospel of God's love.
He came not here to crush mankind
For sins and sad misdeeds—
He came to help all men to find
Where God's straight pathway leads.
He came not into earth to kill—
He came to make us free.
The Christ came here but to fulfill
God's promised liberty.

America, the call comes loud:
"Wilt thou stand out for strife,
Or will thou follow, them, the Christ
Who gave for Peace His life?
America for Peace proclaim!
Thou herald of the day,
And then the world may bless Thy name—
When thou hast led the way.
America, for Man declare!
Thou champion of the free,
And cry out here and everywhere
Our great fraternity!
America, for God stand fast!
Thou land of all most blest—
Till all the world be saved at last—
From East to Golden West!

—ERNEST HARTSOCK

"The Call for Peace" of which two of the three stanzas are quoted above, was published in the Atlanta Constitution, September 9, 1921, when the young author was eighteen. From these youthful lines to the height of "Strange Splendor," awarded the first prize of the Poetry Society of America in 1929, was a long way to travel artistically in an interval of eight years. Yet—the many readers who have loved the poetry of Ernest Hartsock will find satisfaction in adding to their collection of his work, these stanzas from his finely idealistic, "The Call to Peace."

TO ERNEST HARTSOCK

(A Tribute)

If I could glean a beam
From our southern moon,
With an added twinkle
From each star in June;
If I could swing a censer full
Of fragrance from the flowers we pull
From mountain-top to sea-tide full—
This would be my tribute!

But there's only a tear—
Which will not fall;
Only a sigh
On the sacred pall;
But deep in my soul
Wells a glow of pride,
And with-in my heart
There will ever abide—

—MOINA MICHAEL

FOR ERNEST HARTSOCK

(A Tribute)

Oh, you who sang, there has been worth in singing!
Out of the dust which claims you there shall rise
The strong, glad cadence of your voice, bright-ringing
Over the earth. All that your heart and eyes
Knew of the world's sharp beauty and its anguish
Is given now to other hearts for keeping,
Fashioned to living dreams that will not languish
Through the long, dreamless silence of your sleeping.

The dark, strange wonder of the coursing blood,
The miracle of atoms which is life,
Earth's secret mysteries—all these the food
On which you fed. Nor can Death's slender knife
Divide you from your young, and eager giving
Whose every breath cried out in praise of living.

—SARAH LITSEY

*Other poetic tributes which could not be included in the Memorial issue for lack of space, have been received from Ruth Evelyn Henderson of Washington, D. C.; from Mildred Amelia Blanton of Atlanta, and from another Atlanta poet, who writes under the pen-name, "Jack Lovemore."

MEMORIES

Stay with me, memories, when I am old,
A solace for my heart when new loves tire
And I am here alone beside the fire;
Then let me feel again fond arms enfold
And lips pressed tenderly, with love untold
That never needed telling when desire
Knocked at the door, nor needed to inquire
For pledges with those eager arms to hold.

Stay with me memories of past delight
And lend your radiance to the gloom below,
When evening tapers stud the afterglow
Of twilight and the day is nearly gone.
Be stars of faith to spangle dusky night
And promise me renewal with the dawn.

—MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

COMPLEXE SUPERIEURE

Conceit, the world may hear me! I confess
That once I loved thee. This much do I own,
Nor say it in a light nor covert tone,
As men oft own a folly. The distress
Of failure thou couldst soothe, or doubly bless
A slender triumph. Thou, and thou alone
Hadst faith in me, when all the world had flown.
Good sooth, but mortals oft are loved for less.

But constant to me as I thought thee; thou
Hast raised a frenzy that I may not quell,
For lo! thy kiss is on another's brow,
(Deny it not, Conceit, for I can tell)
And though, when mine, I loved thee passing well,
Since thou art his, contempt doth fill me now.

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE

To Mary E. Edmondson of Staunton, Virginia, we are indebted for a poem from which we quote a few lines that contain a prophecy expressed with the finality of conviction:

Sleep well, beloved poet of the South:
Death cheated thee of time to tell us all
That stirred the depth and passion of thy soul—but God
Who record keeps, will bid thee sing glad songs
In His eternal day.

NOTATION

Oh, lamentable friend,
Where are your thoughts tonight?
That was an easy end
To make of us, in turning back.
But there are things to write,
Not neatly spaced and penned—
Notes for myself: the river running black
And the ice churning;
The station lights unwinking in the cold—
Things to be told
That I have long been learning.
Anger can comfort once, but never twice.
How is it with you now since when we stepped
On splintered ice?
Have the old fires been kept?
What crystal house has run
Back to its giver—
Wall and roof and floor—
Back to the swift and unremembering river,
Soft air and sun?
Will things be quiet as they were before?

Still, somewhere back of Time we will be waiting
On a dark platform for that last release—
The grind of brakes, the palpitating
Breath of the engine uttered in a fleece
Of steam.
And somehow it will seem
That I had never watched the winter pass
Or snow retreat,
Or the small miracle of grass
Along a drowsy street.
Trains come and go;
But I will never quite
Achieve the journey that began one night.
Summer will be no other than the flow
Of rivers under ice, and words that stay
Unthawed forever—words I cannot say.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

PROTEST

Deploing
Momentarily,
The motley procession that is motoring
(Whither?)
In the name of progress,
I, who walk with Autolycus

On the road to Endor,
Would reassure the animals
Of their place in the sun,
As they convene here and there
Observantly
In fleeting pastures;
And with them unanimously endorse
A measure of distrust in machinery
As a generator of joy,
Or as being otherwise
Indispensable.

Deux ex machina,
In reverse,
Is the tocsin.

Temporary.

For,
As on shifting sand,
Rather than in granite,
Life surely is shaping, hewing, recording fewer faces
Of late,
To justify the masters of sculpture, of portraiture.

Meanwhile remaining
As a recompense,
Or rebuke,
Are ever retreating forests that remotely sing,
Jungles that roar, in diminuendo;
And waterfalls that are winning mercy.

God!
What a jest,
Becoming a nightmare,
This sudden blare and thunder of vulcan forces in fury!

Happiness?

Contrast
The archives
Of this passing Ford,
Or Edison . . .

Of that permanent wren,
Or oriole.

Krupps . . .

Skylarks and nightingales.

—WILLIAM GRIFFITH

“AND THERE’S THE STEEPLE.”

This morning from the window near my bed
I watched a church spire dominate the sky.
An ornate, shining cross it held on high,
And to its neighbor roofs a sermon read:
“Upon a cross like this your Saviour bled,
But you must not forget that it was *I*
Who kept the world from growing all awry,
And made it safe for millionaires instead.
This Jesus had not where to lay His head.
He was a simple fellow. How could He
Have made a reputation but for *me*?
And as for all those curious things He said—
’Twas *I* who kept my clergy pale and lean
Telling poor people what His queer words mean.”

—JOSEPH UPPER



HIDDEN VALLEY

I

In that secret valley the wind plays in the treetops as it did one
mellow gold and deep green afternoon.

The stream chatters over the boulders between the steep vine-tangled
banks.

Hau branches interlace; the earth under them is red-brown and rich
with the dark wine-sweet smell of wild earth.

He knows, and she knows
the hidden place in the leaf-dark, stream-voiced valley.

They will set shod feet no more on the sparse turf of that place,
bare feet no more toe-gripping the worn stones in the pools of that
stream,

but it is real to them, that place,—there is no need to visit it.

He in his dingy office, dreaming out of tall windows toward far green
pyramid-towered mountains,

she in her garden, where hollyhocks lift into the gracious sunshine—
they will walk hand-clasped no more up that stream to the cave under
the tangled branches,

but in his mind there is a hidden valley; in her thought there is a
secret place.

II

"Now other lovers," he says, "lie on these wind-sweet beaches
in the summer nights, dark nights or white-gold with summer moons.
Others creep together for warmth where the halas cease and the hau
trees die out in the sand.

Doubtless a girl sits silent, a man's head on her knees,
dreaming wide-eyed into the night and the sea while he sleeps."
"That was long ago," he says, "and I am old now.

It is cold in the gray starlight; the cry of the surf is a lonely sound."
"That was long ago," she says, "and I am of another world now."
But she smiles as she sits at dinner where tall straight candle flames
are reflected from a glossy board

between the tall flames of gladioli—

a smile as secret as the smile of the moon over wide far beaches,
over foam-circling surf-slants, over dark muttering seas.

—CLIFFORD GESSLER

THE DUNES

Sheer desolation occupies the dunes—
A loneliness beyond all loneliness;
A solitude accented by the stress
Of rustling knife-edged grasses and the runes
Of gulls' winged script and cabalistic cries.
Great clouds of fog forever trail their slow
Dun shadows on the dreary wastes below,
Where clouds of sand forever form and rise.
The sea forks at the shore each day with tines,
Steel-cruel, till the curved bank undermines—
Then only the inquisitor withdraws.
When with the setting sun the bleak wind falls,
A vacuum of dusk attends its pause
But to be shattered as a nighthawk calls.

—ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

FRIENDS

Trees are friendly things;
They do not hold themselves aloof,
But lend their emerald-feathered cloak
To the humblest roof.

Watch how they recruit
Slim marching bands along your fence;
Their fife and drums, their waving flags
Brave with opulence.

Whisper to them nights,—
No lover waiting there to please
Will answer to your every mood
As the quiet trees.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

A PURITAN IN EXILE CONFRONTS A SPRING DAY

Honolulu.

Spring comes a heedless wanton to this town,
Flaunting herself in street and alley-way;
The red and yellow tatters of her gown
Flutter from every bush and tree to-day.

Where may eyes tired with too much color turn?
These crimsons, yellows, purples, rioting
In this relentless tropic sunlight, burn
Eyes long accustomed to a virgin spring.

And one who lives upon a coral street
That runs, flower-canopied, from hills to sea
May yearn for a land where, coolly sweet,
Spring wears the blossoms of an apple tree.

—RUTH ELEANOR MCKEE

THIS PERISHABLE FRUIT

The sky lets down its grapes of change
So delicately dewed and dusted
That lips upraised to them are strange
And illy trusted

To quench and waste not of the wine.
And though, precisely, as we drink,
Intoxicate with the divine,
Before we think

The grapes no longer sting the lips
That learn so quickly, drink so brief
These clusters that our passion clips
On our half-belief.

—HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

VIEWPOINT

I walk in a town
I have not seen before—
Astonishing town
Of door after door!
I've a hurt in my heart
No walking can heal;
I'm dead to one life
But alive! I can feel
The going and coming
At door after door
Of somebody less
And somebody more,
And I might not give
A tinker's dam
If I were not walking
Hurt, as I am.

—CHARLES DIVINE.

TO A POET TURNED SCIENTIST

Your Dante never carved a guinea pig,
Nor looked at Beatrice through a microscope;
But he saw devils dance a fiery jig,
And wrote: "Abandon hope."

Poor Poe, faint-hearted, autumn fool who stalked
The misty regions, moaning for Lenore,
In scientific journals never talked
Of Greek complexes and the mental score.

Now you, who caught a vision once of Hell,
"In the sad, silent watches" of the night,
And hobnobbed with the angel, Israfel,
Count chromosomes and spore and phagocyte.

—JEREMIAH K. DURICK

RED BARN

Upon the hill it stands immense,
Two silos towered to the garret;
Encircled by a pompous fence,
And colored to a vivid claret.

A barn for Brobdingnag, it looms
Besides a Liliputian cottage;
A birthright sold for tiny rooms,
The wife must live on bartered pottage.

Like bees within a crowded hive,
A horde of growing children tumble,
But, seeing that his cattle thrive,
The farmer has no cause to grumble.

All comfortably dwell the cows,
In spreading field and cosy stanchion;
And, living humbly, he may house
His dreams within a scarlet mansion.

—EDITH MIRICK

CHALLENGE

If I had gone to Arcady
On any other day,
I might have found another lad
With whom to laugh and play.

If you had come to Arcady
On any other night,
You might have found another lass
To be your heart's delight.

You might have found another lass,
And I, another lad;
But never, never dare to say
You really wish we had!

—HILDA ROSE STICE

THE PARROT

He came from south of somewhere
And brought with him a name,
And seven words in Spanish
And a tail tipped in flame.
He had a savage voice
And a disconcerting stare
But he gave the terraced garden
A rather splendid air.

He eyed me with suspicion
And a certain cool disdain
When I linked him with the mango
By a slender length of chain.
"He isn't happy, Horace,
And something should be done."
My gardener's a philosopher,
He asked: "Is any one?"

I tried to teach him English
But his accent was absurd,
There never came such nonsense
From a green and crimson bird.
But he could laugh a little,
And whistle when he chose,
And Horace heard him cawing
With seven friendly crows.

It must have been December—
The mango was in bloom—
He broke his slender moorings
And streaked the early gloom.
"He's free at last," I gloated,
"And gone to find delight."
But Horace was prophetic:
"He'll have a longish flight."

—VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

WHEN WOMAN GIRDS ON ARMOR

Although she may not fight as tigers fight,
Think not she lacks her own more subtle might.—
This flask a babe could shatter, will withstand
The acid burning through an iron band.

—STANTON A. COBLENTZ

THE THREE QUESTS

I met at dawn three travellers on
the road along the sea—
the first a boy all slim and brown,
running barefoot out of the town,—
and when I asked him what he was after,
with wistful lips and eyes of laughter,
“Life!”—he answered me.

And next there came, when the dawn was flame
on the road that dips to the cove,
a maid on a snow-white mare astride,
with three doves fluttering by her side,—
and she was whiter and fleetier than they,
but what she was seeking she would not say . . .
(her lashes whispered “Love.”)

And last there passed me, walking fast,
the Poet from our city,—
“Hallo,” said I, “and where are you bound?”
and he said—“For a thing man never has found,—
a Word will do—just one little Word,
if it’s one that never was written nor heard
in any tale or ditty!”

At dusk they all came back again,—
the maid—the boy—the bard.
The boy was a man with a heavy load,—
I watched him straining up the road,—
his step was slow, for his leg was lame,
and tatters hung on his hungry frame
and his lips were dumb and hard . . .

And she who had gone all clothed in Dawn,
riding the flesh of Spring,—
she walked in the dust, a pitiful hag,
with withered breasts and dreams to drag;
a white dove mourned in a willow-tree,—
she was too tired—too tired to see
the moonlight on his wing . . .

And the third? — quite late he passed my gate,—
No burdens he had brought,
his foot was free, and I could see
silver buckles on his knee,—

his face looked silver in the dim
dusk, and God! I was sorry for him . . .
for of the three, the poet, he
had not found what he sought!

—DORIS JOY STARR

BRAW MACGREGOR

It was the braw MacGregor,
MacGregor of the Glen,
Who fled adown the hollow night
Before King George's men;
They called to him, "we'll hang you high
When the blue morning lifts an eye!"
While he flung back, "if once I die,
I need not die again!"

It was the braw MacGregor
Who was Prince Charlie's man,
And wore upon his broad brave back
The tartan of his clan;
Only his plaid—he bore no shield;
(O what a claymore he could wield!)
From red Culloden's fatal field
He was the last that ran.

It was the braw Macgregor
Who hid him heather-deep;
Lean was his look for lean his fare,
And he got little sleep.
They traced him here and tracked him there;
He doubled like the hunted hare,
And shared the furtive fox's lair
Upon the mountain-steep.

It was the braw MacGregor,
MacGregor of the Glen,
Who faced the onset of his foes
In grim Ben Ledi's fen;
And as he fell beneath their blows
After he wrought them grievous woes,
"If once I die," his last cry rose,
"I need not die again!"

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SURRENDER

How could I have forgotten hills like these
That lean broad shoulders firm against the sky,
And draw a chieftain's robe across their knees?

They gather in a giant's lusty arms—
That storm and change and even time defy—
The fragrant meadows and bare upland farms.

Arising like a signal from their crest
The smudge of cedar, and each flaming tree
Obscure the jeweled splendor of the west.

There drifts from some pellucid space, remote,
A thready strain of haunting melody,
The ancient lyric of a cow-bell's note.

The fireflies burn as in the hour when you
First caught my senses in a golden mesh ,
And blinded me with love's prismatic hue.

Now I stand lonely in this changing light,
Where once our spirits mingled in the flesh,
And watch the purple mystery of night.

—VIRGINIA SPATES.

ARIETTE

Forget your dreary little clocks
That sputter time away;
The phlox are talking, and the phlox
Have lovely things to say.

It's proper and quite orthodox
Perhaps, (since we must keep
The heavy pace) that things like clocks
Beat marching-tunes for sleep.

But here are bell-hung hollyhocks,
And on a farther crest,
I know a place where four-o'clocks
Have sung tired time to rest.

—BEN BELITT

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

Grey Heather, by Sally Bruce Kinsolving (The Mosher Press, Portland, Maine).

The attractive and appropriate format of this new volume from the Mosher press is so satisfying with its quiet gray boards against which a gull is silhouetted in black, that a sensitive reader turns its pages with a mind already in harmony with the poet.

Mrs. Kinsolving's is a disciplined lyric art free alike of illusion and bitterness. Clear-eyed and with a fine courage, she sees the tragedy of nature and of human life as an integral part of their forever perishing and forever renewed beauty. In the restraint and economy of her technic is to be found a kinship with the work of Lizette Woodworth Reese. Both are poets who have dared to look beneath the surface of life and to face its often sordid realities without becoming either cynical or "modernistic" in the usual acceptance of the latter term.

Mrs. Kinsolving's art is, however, less austere than that of her fellow Baltimorean. In her lines is to be found a lighter, though never commonplace, music. She is by temperament, a less objective poet than the other; more readily intrigued into singing for its own sake, in spite of "ashes in her mouth."

The lines entitled "Sustenance" are characteristic:

I must eat the bread of sorrow
And drink the wine of tears,
Yet wisdom lies deep in the cup,
A fountain of the years.

I will take her holy water
And cleanse my heart anew;
I will wear three stars upon my head
And never a sprig of yew.

The Natural Year: January; The Natural Year: June, by Frederick Edwards (James T. White & Co., New York).

The series to which the two present collections of verse belong, is designed to comprise a dozen small volumes, each devoted to a single month of the year. Of these twelve we are informed that five are already off the press; while two others will follow shortly.

Since the poems are chiefly nature lyrics, or upon themes in some manner identified with the month which lends its name to each

volume, it will be seen that the author is confronting an undertaking of some magnitude.

Many of the lines have a pleasing freshness and spontaneity, but too many others are merely the commonplace observations of one who has deliberately set himself a task and is heroically determined to accomplish it. Unfortunately, great poetry is not produced in this manner. A successful lyric is the product of the emotional nature, not of the will, of its author.

The Mountain in the Sky; A Book of Oregon Poems, by Howard McKinley Corning (Metropolitan Press, Portland, Oregon).

If the title of Mr. Corning's new collection of western poems is slightly reminiscent of one of Edwin Arlington Robinson's earlier volumes, "The Man Against the Sky," the poems themselves are soundly and authentically his own. They are as indigenous as the work of Frost, and in their own way, equally convincing. But where the New England poet writes of the hard-bitten and narrow life of the farms of his section, Corning has the wider range of western seas and mountains, and the sharp clarity of a beauty that is never enervating.

The forces of nature and man's relation to them in his struggle for achievement engage this poet's exclusive attention, yet his is a wide domain in which the song of native birds alternates with the sweep of storms and with the often tragic life stories of the natives.

The style of this poet is in the main, simple, clear cut, and restrained. His work is not lacking in emotional warmth, or in adequate music while it escapes the slightest tinge of sentimentality.

He is at his best in such poems as the one entitled, "Joaquin Miller Crosses the Mountains," of which the following lines form the opening stanza:

Lodge-pole pines and hemlocks lean
Away from the winds where the Pass goes over;
The dawn burns up and, bottle green
An April moon creeps under cover.
The stars pale out—the night is gone,
—And Joaquin Miller keeps coming on.

Anthology of Southern California Verse, edited by Snow Longley Housh, Roy Towner Thompson, Leslie N. Jennings (Primavera Press, Los Angeles, California).

Dedicated to the memory of Grace Atherton Dennen, the present Anthology is sponsored by the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, of which she was founder.

For many reasons the seeds of poetry have always found a congenial soil along the Pacific coast, especially in California, where Mrs. Dennen was an editor of one of the earliest and most successful of the country's many poetry magazines, *The Lyric West*.

Apparently only living poets are represented in the new California collection, since one fails to find in it the work of the late George Sterling, who was so long and so vitally identified with the literature of the section.

Protests have been heard in various quarters against the growing tendency toward the publication of regional Anthologies, but such collections are easily defended, especially on the ground of their obvious convenience to the student of contemporary poetry. In the present case, the individual members of the California group differ so widely from each other in style and manner, and so cosmopolitan is their expression in general, that their collective offering might easily be a national, rather than a sectional, achievement.

Among the poets represented in the Southern California Anthology are found such well known names as those of Hildegard Flanner, Julia Boynton Green, Leslie Nelson Jennings, John Russell McCarthy, Ruth Clay Price, Ben Field, Ethelean Tyson Gaw, and a number of others.

CONTRIBUTORS

The majority of the contributors to the Memorial issue of *BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE* have appeared before in its pages. L. Logan Kean is a member of the faculty of Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri. Moina Michael is known internationally as the famous "Poppy Lady" of Athens, Ga. Sarah Litsey writes from Louisville, Kentucky. Marie Tello Phillips is in private life, Mrs. Charles J. Yaegle, Jr. of Pittsburgh. Among many other activities, she is a Vice President of the Poetry Society of Great Britain, and President of the local center of Pittsburgh. Edmond Vance Cooke, a widely known poet and author of many volumes, lives in Cleveland, Ohio. Leslie Nelson Jennings is a prominent member of the group of California poets. William Griffith of New York holds the important office of President of the Poetry Society of America. Joseph Upper is a member of the Washington group of writers. Ethel Romig Fuller is a widely published poet of Portland, Oregon. Clifford Gessler is a member of the staff of *The Star-Bulletin* of Honolulu, Virginia Spates is a Texas poet and author of "Wings Against the Wind." Ruth Eleanor McKee is connected with the Library of Hawaii in Honolulu. Howard McKinley Corning lives in Portland, Oregon, and is the author of many western poems. Stanley Coblentz is now living in New York City. Charles Divine is also a New York poet. Jeremiah K. Durick is connected with Saint Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vermont. Edith Mirick is editor of *Star Dust*, a poetry journal of Washington, D. C. Vivian Yeiser Laramore is a Florida poet who has won many prizes.

Clinton Scollard, one of the most widely known of American poets, divides his time between New York and Florida.

Hilda Rose Stice is an Illinois poet. Sarah Henderson Hay is a member of the Alabama group of writers. Ben Belitt lives in University, Virginia. Miriam Allen de Ford is a widely published poet of San Francisco, California. Ted Olson is connected with the American Express and is now living in London. Winnie Lynch Rocket is a resident of Birmingham, Alabama. Edwin Carlile Litsey is a Kentucky poet.

The remaining unsold works of ERNEST HARTSOCK

ROMANCE AND STARDUST, \$1.50 *a copy*

NARCISSUS AND ISCARIOT, \$1.50 *a copy*

STRANGE SPLENDOR, \$2.00 *a copy*

are offered at no advance in prices that his friends may avail themselves of the opportunity of adding his complete poetical works to their collection. Special edition of *Strange Splendor*, signed, are off the market.

TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS

It is already a matter of widespread knowledge that the work of the lamented founder of *BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE* and of the Bozart Press has been taken over by Oglethorpe University and will be continued under the same policy as that of Mr. Hartsock.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, and Dr. Mary Brent Whiteside are the new editors. Dr. Nathan Haskell Dole, distinguished poet and critic of Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York, has become an associate editor of the Magazine, while Benjamin Musser of Washington will continue to serve in the same capacity.

*The silhouette of Ernest Hartsock reproduced on the cover, is from a linoleum cut made in 1930 by Mr. Hartsock himself.

BI-MONTHLY AWARDS CONTINUED

As previously announced, the same lover of poetry, who so generously gave the 1930 Prize Fund for poems in *Bozart and Contemporary Verse*, has made it possible to continue the bi-monthly awards for the year 1931, by an additional cash contribution to the cause. \$25.00 will be given for the best poem in each issue of the magazine during 1931.

The editors will be the sole judges in this contest.

ginners ever had," wrote correspondents from Maine to California. "He was never too busy, or too tired, to lend a helping hand to those who were struggling for self expression, and his words of constructive criticism were illuminating and never to be forgotten."

In the official resolutions adopted by the Conclave of Alabama Writers occur the following passages: "Though one of the youngest, (he) was one of the most widely known poets in America and England.—As owner and editor of the Bozart Press, Mr. Hartsock devoted his publication to the fostering of poetry of the best type.—In his work he had consecrated himself to the betterment of poetic art, to which task he had addressed his genius and his heart. Alabama honors a true poet and sorrows for his passing."

Kaleidoscope, a Texas magazine of poetry which awarded the young Georgian a posthumous prize, pays tribute, editorially: "In the death of Ernest Hartsock, the South has lost one of her finest young poets and one of her ablest poetry editors.—In technique, splendor and eloquence, Mr Hartsock's poetry is unsurpassed. As an editor, he was sincere and uncompromising. He refused to lower the standard of his magazine either for pay or popularity."

One of his last poems, "Requiem for John Keats," read at a memorial service at Oglethorpe University, by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President, has proved to be strangely prophetic of his own career!

His was a life whose April stood
Like autumn bloody in a wood,
Yet like a perfect simile,
A splendor born of brevity.

*TO ERNEST HARTSOCK

The working mind was filled with discontent
That there should be one blot in beauty's scheme.
He knew no fear and his brave arm was lent
To every spirit harboring a dream.
For only men who dream can hope to brim
Their cup of service. All too brief his stay.
The King of beauty claimed and beckoned him
And he, bemused, ecstatic, slipped away.

Strange Splendor soars beyond the stars tonight
And never has the moon more pitying shone,
Remembering him who sought the truth and light—
And now the light and truth and he are one.
We hear the music still. Time cannot tame
The poet's song released from heart of flame.

—L. LOGAN KEAN

